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THE LAST OF THE
CODICESF. A. FOWI (Editor): *Codices Latini*

Antiquiores. Part XI. Hungary,

Luxembourg, Poland, Russia,

Spain, Sweden, the United States

and Yugoslavia. XI + 39pp.

Clarendon Press: Oxford University

Press, 1966, 8s.

With Part XI *Codices Latini**Antiquiores* comes formally to an end

and the editor closes his preface with

words borrowed from a medieval

scribe whose attitude to work he

shares: "scripti ut potui, non sicut

volui". Since a Supplement containing

more than 130 additions

that have come to light since

1934 is almost ready for the

press, this is still not the occasion

for a final evaluation of the enterprise

as a whole; but the formal completion

of so grand a design, with the

high quality undiminished and the

study of the earliest Latin manu-

scripts, transformed beyond recogni-

tion, is an occasion for special con-

gratulation to Dr. Lowe on the more

than formal success that has crowned

his many seasons of hard work: "qui

librum scripsit, multum sudavit et

alsit".

Part XI deals with Latin manu-

scripts written before the ninth cen-

tury now preserved in Hungary,

Luxembourg, Poland, Sweden and

Yugoslavia (thirteen items in all),

in Russia (thirty-eight), in Spain

(thirty-eight), and in the United States

(thirty-eight). The six dated manu-

scripts are listed at pp. ix-x.

Among the many patristic manu-

scripts the stars are Augusti-

nian and Gregorian; and the finest

of the few classical texts is the New

York fragment of Pliny's Letters.

The range of scripts illustrated is

splendidly various, running almost

the whole gamut from Rustic

capital to Caroline minuscule writ-

ten at Tours in the time of

Alcuin. Among the Insular manu-

scripts (fifteen written by Anglo-

Saxons, at home or abroad,

and two by Irishmen) the grand

ones are the Leningrad Gos-
pels (No. 1605), the Stockholm*Codex Aureus* (No. 1642), the

Blickling Psalter (No. 1661, Pierpont Morgan Library), and

the Leningrad MS. of Bede's *His-**toria Ecclesiastica* (No. 1621), the

"capitular uncial" in which enabled

Dr. Lowe to attribute it and other

MSS. in Anglo-Saxon minuscule to

Bede's own monastery of Wear-

mouth-Jarrow. Note that Dr. Lowe

stresses the presence of a "Kentish

symptom in the predominantly

Northumbrian Leningrad Gospels;

ascribes the Blickling Psalter to a

South; dates the Bede "saec. VIII"

(post A.D. 731), although he agrees

that the marginal numbers on fol.

139 do suggest a definite date of 746,

since they were "apparently added

by the scribe who entered the chapter

numbers throughout the volume".

Of the eighteen items in Spanish

collections, half were written in

Spain and so take their places in the

list of thirty Spanish manuscripts at

pages viii-ix, which includes nine in

uncial, seven in half-uncial, one in an

early cursive, and thirteen in Vizi-

gothic minuscule. No. 1630 was

written in Viziogothic minuscule at

Maguelonne before A.D. 812 and No.

1628b, the "much disputed" *Escu-*riental *Benedictio Cordi*, may be an

example of Spanish cursive, "saec.

XII".

The last item in Part XI is

hered 1670 and comes, as of course

should, from Zara.

WHITMAN IN JAPAN

WALT WHITMAN: *Leaves of Grass*.

Prose essences and annotations by

William L. Moore. Preface by Gay

Wilson Allen. 199pp., plus 13

plates. Tokyo: Taibundo, \$33.50,

3 Lps (13m), read by William L.

Moore, music by Kakuei Yama-

moto. Toshiba Record Album No.

LR 71, 72, 73. \$14.

It seems almost unkind to point out

that where he abridges Whitman he

destroys the poetry and where he re-

phrases him at equal length, he offers

a difficult version of a passage already

difficult. "I always saw that expli-

cations did not explicate", Whitman

said, and the intelligent Japanese

reader will say the same—though his

appreciation of the poetry may also

be heightened by trying to understand

where the difference lies between

Whitman's lines and Professor

Moore's honest and laborious com-

mentary. Professor Moore will also

help him with sound introductions

and equally sensible notes.

A gallery of photographs is in-

cluded in the volume and an excel-

lent photograph of the author is on

the cover of the record album. Pro-

fessor Moore reads simply and well

and the records are admirably

superb. He is a little flat (Whitman

is hard to read at length) but he is

helped by the pretty jangling accompaniment

BOOK BOOK

DAVID DIRINGER: *The Illuminated**Book. Its History and Production.*

514pp. Faber and Faber. £9 9s.

The new edition of Dr. Diringer's

book follows the same lines as the

earlier one, published in 1958, except

for the addition of ten new colour

plates. The text has, however, been

brought up to date, and the chapter on

Islamic, Hebrew and Mosarabic

manuscripts has changed places with

that on the Hiberno-Saxon, Carolin-

gian and Ottonian ones, the former

now being chapter III; it is a pity that

a further change was not made to

put the section on the so-called "Win-

chester" school after those on Carolin-

gian and Ottonian illuminations, in

view of the fact that the "Winches-

ter" work depended to some extent

on the influence of these Continental

schools. The section of Turkish

illuminations fails to take into account

the results of recent research in which

importance of what may be called

the "realist style" is brought out

opposed to the more idealistic style

inspired by Persia, and there are

few minor errors, as for example

the statement that the Psalter of

Sendin, in the British Museum, is

only example of Crusader Illumi-

nation, whereas Dr. Buchholz's

book cited in the bibliography

grouped a number of other

examples of Crusader Illumination

around it. Again the statement

that the Etchmiadzin Gospels in the

Library of the Malankarite Church

LOOK BACK ON ORWELL

GEORGE WOODCOCK: *The Crystal Spirit*. A Study of George Orwell. 287pp. Cape. £2 10s.

Those old enough to do so, casting their minds back a quarter of a century, may recall that during the Second World War a ban (which *Horizon* had beaten on new periodicals, a general shortage of paper and the fact that you could sell any printed matter if you got it into print) favoured the production of occasional miscellanies, some of which escaped being periodicals only by the irregularity of their appearance. Among the young writers who banded together in these were, inevitably, a fair number of pacifists and, more specifically, of pacifist-anarchists, whose father figure was Herbert Read. Mr. Woodcock, who must now be a man in his early fifties, was one of these.

In 1942, Orwell, then working in the B.B.C.'s Indian section, also wrote a regular London Letter for the American Trotskyite periodical, *Partisan Review*. In one of these London Letters, he severely criticized the pacifists for playing Hitler's game, and several of them protested. As one of the protesters, Mr. Woodcock was surprised when, towards the end of the year, he was invited to take part in a broadcast poetry discussion, father-figured by Herbert Read and Edmund Blunden. From then on, Mr. Woodcock kept up intermittent relations with Orwell until shortly before the latter's death.

Whether Mr. Woodcock still fully subscribes to the anarchist position or merely wishes to maintain that it was a respectable thing to do during the war, his book does not make clear, which is a pity. The fact would

have sat there like a buoy on otherwise turbid waters. At times, Mr. Woodcock still indeed argues with Orwell, apparently with renewed feeling (from having been a temporary opponent, Orwell becomes a "shrill critic"), but one is left in doubt whether it is retrospective heat revived by some transient irritation. For this is a book of which one is made exceptionally and increasingly aware that many a day's work began with doubt whether some earlier point had been made clear, a doubt frequently justified.

It is far too long a book. Mr. Woodcock naturally wished to give us his personal impressions of the man. Of the work, his opinions are not unusual and are quickly stated. The four novels are not very good, but *Burmese Days* and *Coming up for Air* are better than *A Clergyman's Daughter* and *Keep the Aspidochelone*. *Animal Farm* is the flawless gem. 1984, though on the whole it effectively comes off, is yet full of unresolved personal tensions. *Homage to Catalonia* contains much fine prose. In general the political writings are inconsistent among themselves. They and the critical essays show a deep hankering after household gods and the simple life, so that rebellion alternates with extreme conservatism. If Orwell had lived, his further writings would have seemed less engaged. His ideal of "prose like a window pane" was in general fully realized, and so was that of personal decency.

All these are unexceptionable

LIVERBOOM

ADRIAN HENRI, ROGER MCGOUGH and BRIAN PATTEN: *The Mersey Sound*. Penguin Modern Poets 10. 126pp. Penguin. 3s. 6d.
ROGER MCGOUGH: *Frinck, a Life in the Day of and Summer with Monika*. 62pp. Allen and Unwin.
BRIAN PATTEN: *Little Johnny's Confession*. 62pp. Allen and Unwin.
TOM PICKARD: *High on the Walls*. Preface by Basil Bunting. 48pp.

Are they funny? Yes, sometimes they are funny, though one's response to the hard sell becomes weaker and weaker as the various publishers flock round with the same wares. Penguin is probably the best format for them, though the lurking dullness of this series is exposed once and for all by the choice (it was meant to be a serious breakthrough in bringing representative poets to the attention of a wider audience, remember? The gaudy cover and the opportunistic proximity to *The Liverpool Scene* imply something quite the reverse).

Roger McGough seems to make the most substantial claims (and *Frinck* at least wields some irony at

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LOOK BACK ON ORWELL

views. That he holds them and that he met the man were perhaps not quite sufficient reason why Mr. Woodcock should have embarked on a substantial book. He divides it into four parts of unequal length, a shortish one on the man, a long one on the themes of Orwell's fiction, a shorter mainly on the political views and another of much the same length on the critic and stylist. In fact, everything recurs in each part. It is a doggedly rambling book, sometimes good, sometimes extremely boring, quite often irrelevantly lecherous, at moments plain silly, as when it says that the *Newspeak* of 1984 is a caricature of Basic English, a point on which it would be interesting to hear or read Orwell's valued friend, William Empson.

Now and then some passing fancy engages Mr. Woodcock. He tries out, for instance, the notion that George Orwell is to Eric Blair as Proust is to his partly fictitious narrator Marcel, which, though Mr. Woodcock returns to it more than once, fails to cast floods of light for obvious reasons. Elsewhere, showing the hero of *Burmese Days* in a pool with pigeons, Mr. Woodcock, touched by the spirit of Jung, which never reappears, comments: "The baptismal implications of this scene are obvious: Flory is immersed in the renewing water, and the dove descends." An attempted opposition of "kind" and "genre", blamed approvingly on Mr. John Wain, is soon abandoned. Orwell is wrong to suppose that in left-wing circles it was at one time obligatory to snigger at horse-racing and suet

WODEHOUSEOLOGY

GEOFFREY JAGGARD: *Wooster's World*. 203pp. Macdonald. 2s.

Mr. Jaggard, a Wodehouseologist of long standing, has spent the past fourteen years or so compiling a full concordance of which the present book is part. Some sort of guide to places, names and their first appearances, family relationships, cross-references and so on has long been needed by Wodehouse addicts, and clearly Mr. Jaggard has the requisite knowledge and stamina to provide it; his list of Drones members, for instance, his gazetteer and his essay on "the Wodehouse country" are all most useful. There are one or two minor omissions - Aunt Agatha's butler surely deserves an entry, particularly as his name is so like that of her husband - and there seems no good genealogical reason to assume that all members of a family bear the same surname (as is here done with Jeeves's relatives and, more bafflingly, with Bertie himself in his 1917 capacity as cousin to Gussie Mannering-Phipps). Nor does Mr. Jaggard go into profounder questions such as why Mr. Wodehouse should, as he says, cite Schopenhauer *passim* as "typifying the negative outlook".

What wrecks a potentially valuable book, however, is the author's uncertainty whether he is really compiling a guide or an anthology, together with the unrelenting facetiousness of his tone. The basic error is menacingly announced in the blurb: "Hilariously funny when encountered in the pages of Wodehouse, these characters seem to take on an extra dimension of hilarity when seen here, as it were, in the round."

Why Mr. Wodehouse's exegeses should imagine that they can be even half as funny as he, let alone go adding extra dimensions, is difficult to grasp, and the very first page suggests that it is going to be a hard read: Albert, H.R.H. Prince, *The Prince Consort*.

THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES

JEAN PIERRE FAYE: *Le Récit hunkue*. 356pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 20s.

By a happy accident *Le Récit hunkue* contains thirty-nine articles previously published in various magazines, and assent to them may well be demanded of anyone wanting to join the church of which Jean Pierre Faye is a deacon, the quarterly review *Tel Quel*. The editorial committee of this review has become the innermost of all literary in-groups, and their books read more like inter-office memoranda than messages for the outside world. One difficulty is that the vocabulary is very specialized, having been borrowed from philosophy and linguistics, but even this is not enough for M. Faye, who also raids the physicists' laboratory. The sort of synthesis which he is able to wave above his head on his return, however, is acceptable as nothing more than a clever analogy.

One thing which he does specialize in is tracing present-day fads back to fresh, if not to final sources, and

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, ALL ROUND AMERICA

ANDREW SINCLAIR: *A Concise History of the United States*. 224pp. including 240 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

The fact that this book is above all a brilliant picture book should not detract from the very real merits of the text. As the title suggests, the text is concise, and this concision forces on Dr. Andrew Sinclair a certain amount of dogmatism which will do no harm. The choice of illustrations is original and many points are made visually which do not require much expansion in the text. The old prints and maps have a period charm which is, perhaps, lacking in the modern photographs, but the flavour of modern American life is very well conveyed even if sometimes the text is slightly misleading. Thus, the picture showing Negro aviators being inspected by a white officer of high rank suggests a far more complete integration of Negroes in the American armed forces in the Second World War than was in fact achieved or even aimed at. As far as integration was the work of the Federal Government, it was far forward with much more skill and energy by President Truman than by Franklin

D. Roosevelt. The titles of some of the pictures are slightly inaccurate: Frances D. Perkins was not Mrs. Perkins; she was Miss Perkins, using her maiden name, not her married name, as Secretary of Labor.

On the other hand, there is everything to be said for the lively picture of the meeting of Mr. Khrushchev and Fidel Castro in New York in 1960: it has some of the charm of an old Mack Sennett movie. And the picture showing Soviet missiles bound for Cuba, November, 1962, must have the month wrong, as the Cuban crisis was over at the end of October.

The map at the end of the book is rather unsatisfactory. The capital of each state is given, and where it is not the main city (and in most states it is not) the main city is also given, but the choice of "main city" is rather erratic. In Florida it is asserted to be Jacksonville, instead of Miami. No city except Richmond is given in Virginia, not even the great complex round the port of Norfolk. Delaware is over-provided with cities,

two of which are in fact little more than villages. An odd omission is Manchester, New Hampshire, so much bigger than Concord, New Hampshire. Dallas is given but not Fort Worth, which will annoy the latter city a good deal. And, odder still, the only urban centre given in Nevada is Carson City, ignoring the two much bigger and more famous cities of Reno, "the Biggest Little City in the World", and Las Vegas, as its regular customers call it, Vegas.

As has been said, the text has to be dogmatic, and there is something to be said for Dr. Sinclair's dogmatism; but the influence of American history is discussed only in terms of its supporting Spanish War effort and not of its more important effects on the European peace level. The statement that the Pueblos of the Zuni Indians were "unquestionably the most developed urban civilization on the whole North American continent at that time" seems rather hard on Tenochtitlan (Mexico City). And the unkind account of Pocahontas ignores the fact that John Rolfe, who

is quoted, was writing a most loving description of his Indian bride and his remarks about her education and so on were propaganda.

The description of the Constitution will puzzle a good many people who know nothing about it, and perhaps annoy some people who do. The modern trend of scholarship is much less hostile to "Reconstruction" than Dr. Sinclair is. Neither Mrs. Brodie nor Dr. Brock would accept the *simple* view of the Northern leaders given here. There are other slips, e.g., Andrew Jackson is declared to have come from Kentucky, a statement which would horrify the citizens of the Volunteer State (Tennessee). Theodore Roosevelt had nothing to do with the annexation of Puerto Rico; that was done by President McKinley, and the full assimilation of the island into the American system was the work of Woodrow Wilson. It is possible that Dr. Sinclair exaggerates the influence of Keynesian economics on the New Deal, and his text suggests that radar and penicillin were American inventions, whereas they were British.

But perhaps only one serious criticism can be made of Dr. Sinclair's judgment: he writes in a curiously complacent way of what was one of the most odious governmental activities in American history, the internment of native-born American citizens because they had Japanese ancestry: "Even war hysteria was not excessive. Only the 112,000 Japanese-Americans lost their property and were herded into camps." Only very belatedly, in this year of grace 1967, has a little been done to redress the financial wrongs of these victims of an action in which greed was disguised as panic. And since Dr. Sinclair takes on the whole, a critical view of the American achievement (too critical if one compares that achievement with European social conditions), it is surprising he should so readily whitewash this piece of blatant racialism. But as an editorial job, this combination of text and pictures is a great success.

WHEN WEST WAS BEST

IRVING STONE: *Men to Match my Mountains*. The Opening of the Far West, 1840-1900. 459pp. Cassell. £2 2s.

Mr. Irving Stone's latest addition to his very considerable oeuvre is straight history, not either the biographies or the *vies romancées* for which he is famous. He has chosen his title from a piece of doggerel of the same literary merit as "Maryland! My Maryland!" a "poem" of which one line is still very well known in the Golden State:

Bag me men to match my mountains,
Big me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose
And new stars in their brains.

It was asserted, a few years ago, that the coach on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley amended the first line to read "Bring us beasts to match our mountains"; but that, in the Golden State, is in a remote past.

What Mr. Stone has done is to write the story of the settlement of the Far West, 1840-1900, in that Technicolor style which he has developed to the highest state of perfection, for Mr. Stone belongs to the southern California school of literature which is produced in places like Palm Springs, not to that of northern California as exemplified in the works of the sage of Big Sur, Henry Miller.

However, it must be said that Mr. Stone, in addition to his stylistic oddities and to some oddities of vocabulary, has very considerable narrative talent, and the story which he tells is a sufficiently dramatic one. Not only is California now the most populous American state, but also the whole of the region covered in this book - that is, the present states of California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado - is the most rapidly growing part of the United States.

Mr. Stone has, of course, the disadvantage of competition with more scholarly writers like Professor George Stewart and, more recently, Professor John Hawgood. He has an abundant bibliography but perhaps not an adequately critical one. The reader is not helped by a bad index. And, probably rightly, in a book of this kind, Mr. Stone comes down dogmatically on one side or the other in some celebrated controversies. Thus, although he notes the decline of Fremont as a Pathfinder, he is for Fremont against his very numerous critics. In this he has, of course, the authority of Professor Allan Nevins behind him; and Fremont, though in many ways an ass, was an entertaining and interesting one.

Mr. Stone tells us the disastrous failure of the gold discoveries on John Muir and his handymen, James Wadsworth, who struck gold and transferred the whole history of California as well as greatly affecting the economic history of the modern world. Perhaps the picture of the before the Spanish Californians settled in enough detail. We miss the attractions of Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* and Helen Hunt Jackson's *Rainbow*; but it might have been stressed that the break-up of the Missions and the disastrous results that followed for the California Indians were basically the work of the Mexican Government.

and landowners and not solely the work of the invading Yankus.

Great figures pass through this western region - great soldiers like Sherman, great writers like Mark Twain, great mountain men like Kit Carson and Fitzpatrick, and we learn of Taos as the source of a particularly murderous whiskey, if not enough about it as a centre of Mexican civilization.

Of course, the history of San Francisco is the most romantic history of any American city, and we are told a good deal about its traditional figures from millionaires like Crocker and Huntington to oddities like "Emperor" Norton and speculators like William Ralston. However, not all attention is concentrated on San Francisco. We learn a great deal about the Great Bonanza and of the

Comstock Lode. We learn of the Irish Big Four and of the sagacious William O'Brien, who made his great fortune by listening carefully to the conversation of his miner customers in his saloon on Market Street. We do not, perhaps, learn quite enough about the Barbary Coast, and in the account of the great silver magnate Tabor and his mistress "Baby Doe", some allusion might have been made to that quite competent folk opera *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, which has been played in the Santa Fé opera house once at any rate as an alternative to *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

We learn of some sober communities like Anaheim, and of the slow development of Southern California. We learn of "Sandlotters" and of their remarkable leader Denis Kearney, who was so inadequately studied by James Bryce.

Perhaps the least satisfactory part of this book is the treatment of the Mormons. It is not certain that the Latter Day Saints would have collapsed but for the genius of Brigham Young. (It could be pointed out that the greatest authority on plural marriage, Professor Kimball Young, is Heber Kimball Young, Professor Young having the august pedigree of being grandson of both Heber Kimball and of Brigham Young.) The theological system justifying plural marriage or, as the Gentiles called it, polygamy or organized adultery, is set out fairly enough; but the readiness of the church, under the threat of the Edmunds Act, to give up or reverse the revelation made to the

heil,heil, the gang's all here

Germany '67. The NPD is gaining in local and regional elections. Can we dismiss them casually as a few ex-nazis hankering after old memories of glory? Or could this be the rebirth of fascism? Panther Books commissioned an investigation in depth from

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THE FACTS OF RUSSIAN HISTORY

HISTORY has never been so widely popular as it is today.

But rarely have historians, except at the most popular level, been in such a muddle about what they are trying to do, or how to go about it. Acton at the turn of the century planned the *Cambridge Modern History* as a stepping stone to the "ultimate history", which would finally place all knowledge about the past within our reach—a history to end all histories. Science and research had brought, or would bring, to light all the essential facts about the past. The business of the historian was to classify and marshal discovered and discoverable facts in an orderly fashion and with perfect objectivity. The personality and prejudices of the historian were a tiresome irrelevance which should be effaced: the reader, as Acton pointed out in an eloquent passage of his introduction, should not be able to guess, without referring to the bill of contents, which historian had written which particular chapter. History had become a vast compilation of facts. The *Cambridge Modern History* was conceived and executed in this sense.

Scarcely had Acton's grandiose project been completed when revolutionary changes began to overtake our conceptions both of the subject-matter and of the method of history, and of what were the essential facts of history and of the relation of the historian to them. The nineteenth-century positivist creed which had inspired Acton's view of history was dead. But something has unfortunately remained, so that we are once again compelled to ask today whether the *Cambridge Modern History* was not in fact a history to end all histories. For, in one sense it was the swan-song of a dying conception of history, in another it was a pioneer work. It proved that the vast multi-volume compilation of historical facts was a commercial proposition. Libraries hastened to order the set: one volume sold the others; history tutors found it highly useful to have on their shelves a source to which they could refer students for any conceivable fact which they might require; it was even convenient to have a place where a historian could himself look up a date or a name or an event with reasonable expectation of finding it. Nobody read the *Cambridge Modern History*. But everyone agreed that it was indispensable.

In the past forty years, the offspring of the *Cambridge Modern History* have colonized the English-speaking world. Minor changes have indeed occurred. It is no longer fashionable to assign separate chapters, but only separate volumes, to different authors. The simple universality of the title has been dropped. We have multi-volume histories of England, histories of the Rise of Modern Europe, histories of Modern Europe, and half a dozen more. But the principle remains everywhere the same. The industry is run on the putting-out system. The editor of the series, the modern entrepreneur of historical

HUGH SETON-WATSON: *The Russian Empire 1801-1917*, 813pp. (Oxford History of Modern Europe, Volume III), Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £2.15s.

knowledge, measures out his subject in yards, or countries, or centuries, and orders the stuff from the best available supplier. And we ought not to complain if what we get is a patchwork and not a garment. But we are perhaps entitled to a passing regret that so much contemporary historical talent should be harnessed to this rather pedestrian job, and that it should apparently earn the highest rewards.

It may at first sight seem unfair to seize on the publication of Professor Seton-Watson's *The Russian Empire, 1801-1917*, as the pretext for a review of the present state of these historical series. But the occasion is in fact appropriate. So many had textbooks are written that it is often plausible to attribute their shortcomings to the deficiencies of their authors, and so obscure the real issue. Here is a paragon of a textbook. It is clear and compact—never a wasted or ambiguous word. It is unflatteringly accurate: the author is the outstanding British authority on the period. It is comprehensive beyond the dreams of Acton: in 750 pages it contains every fact about Russian political history in the chosen period which any reasonable person can want to know. Its splendid bibliography is a tribute to the author's erudition and a guide to further study. Yet one puts it down with a sense of disappointment and dismay. It will stand on the shelves of every library and of every professional student of the period. Yet—and this is plainly not the author's fault—it is as unreadable as any volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*; and, if in future one is asked to recommend the best history in English of nineteenth-century Russia, one will have to initiate the reply of the critic to the question who was the best nineteenth-century French poet: "Victor Hugo—hélas!" What in fact has gone wrong?

The series in which this volume appears assigns to each volume its initial and terminal dates; although this worked well with the previous volume (Raymond Carr's *Spain, 1808-1939*, reviewed in the *T.L.S.* on September 8, 1966), discussions about "periodization" in history are not empty or formal. To ask whether the Middle Ages constitute a historical period, or into what sub-periods they should be divided, or when they began and ended, are real questions touching on profound issues of historical interpretation. Every historian has to work in periods and sub-periods. But the point is that his "periodization" must grow out of the nature of his work and his interpretation. The framework of the series all too often confines and constricts the contributor, and puts him into conventional fetters even before he begins. Professor Seton-Watson has been fortunate in one respect: 1917 is one of the few dates in modern history which imposes itself as an end and a beginning, and silences all critics. But why 1801? Not even for the conventional reason that it was the first year of the century, but for the equally conventional reason that this was the year in which the mad Emperor Paul was assassinated and Alexander I succeeded him. Herzen suggested that Russian history really

began in 1812—a date which dramatizes the theme of the impact of western Europe on nineteenth-century Russia. But 1801 as a dividing-line seems to mean nothing but a change in the occupancy of the imperial throne.

Having started with a dynastic landmark, Professor Seton-Watson continues in the same way, dividing his work, after a retrospective introduction into five reigns in the manner of Victorian school text-books—three Alexanders and two Nicholases, except that, since Alexander III did not reign long enough to fill a complete section, the break between the two last sections is made not in 1893, but in 1905. Within the sections, chapters deal with governmental and with social and economic events, sometimes with ideas and intellectual life, and with foreign policy. More attention than usual is given to the subject nationalities of the Russian Empire; the passages relating to them are among the best and most original in the volume. Every now and then the narrative is unexpectedly enlivened by some everyday piece of description—as, for example, of the peasant's house and the peasant's dress. The statistics which abound in the economic chapters are less attractive, though doubtless fruitful for the initiated; for the ordinary reader scarcely enough is said to bring out their significance. A valuable, though all too brief, account is given of the changing status and role of the *dvoryanstvo* ("nobility" or "gentry" according to the whim of the translator) in the middle years of the century.

The general arrangement is a model of clarity and makes for easy reference: there is no difficulty in finding the right event under the right reign. But this advantage has, perhaps, been gained at a little at the expense of depth. The material is there, but it would have been pleasing to find a more continuous and more searching analysis of some of the dominant themes of nineteenth-century Russian history—the conflict between the urge for modernization and efficiency and the conservatism of a primitive landowner-peasant economy; the ambiguous reaction to Europe and the west; the weakness of Russian liberalism and the persistent stifling of liberal aspirations; and the chronic and ever-widening rift between government and intelligentsia. As it is, the detail must be hunted out from several different sections. And occasionally an important point seems to have dropped out. It is hard to believe that more account should not have

been taken of the rapid increase in population, especially in the latter half of the century, as a factor helping to sharpen all the other tensions.

This conventionality of arrangement was surely imposed or suggested by the character of the series. The same may or may not be true of the reluctance to indulge in idiosyncratic judgments which Professor Seton-Watson emphatically records in his preface. It is reasonable enough to announce his intention to "refrain from giving good and bad marks to the personages of the drama, to dub them 'progressive' or 'reactionary'"; moreover, unlike some historians who profess such principles, he has really applied them. Something, though a good deal less, can be said for desiring "to see the period as it was, rather than in terms of what happened after it". But it is not going too far to pretend that, since the Bolshevik revolution occurred after the end of the period, it was no part of the author's purpose to explain it, and to claim that attention has been concentrated "at each stage of my story, on the problems which were at that stage the most important". The historian cannot escape from the obligation to decide what were the important facts and events; the judgment of contemporaries on this point is necessarily and notoriously defective. The historian has to take his life in his hands, and judge what was significant in the picture he has before him. This is the essence of his profession.

And what of the famous crux about the nature of "historical explanation"? Professor Seton-Watson gets out of it by telling us that it is no part of his purpose to "explain" the Bolshevik revolution. This really will not do. Surely nobody with an imaginative grasp of the historical process, such as Professor Seton-Watson clearly possesses, could spend years and years amassing and studying this vast array of facts about the Russian nineteenth-century empire without sometimes pausing to ask why this extensive and impressive structure should suddenly have collapsed in 1917 under the rather amateurish blows of a handful of people? This is what every intelligent reader will want to know; and the fact that those who lived under the regime did not know what was going to happen to it does not absolve the historian from the responsibility of knowing. Objectivity cannot consist in blinding oneself and deliberately refusing to look at what has happened.

Nor does Professor Seton-Watson quite hold out to the end. In a brief concluding chapter he traces the revolutionary movement in Russia through three successive stages: the formation of radical groups confined to intellectuals, the gradual incorporation of the masses and the spread of revolutionary ideas to the work-class, and the final and decisive stage in which a movement organized by the intellectuals and based on the urban workers drew the peasantry into the struggle. He points out that this culminating moment of its success was woven out of two different strands: belief in a revolutionary dictatorship, and belief in the popular anarchism of the moment. He draws attention to last as a recurrent factor revealing and aggravating the vulnerability of the regime. All this is sound enough, even though it does not go very far. But it scarcely stuns for the *longueurs* of the preceding chapter, in which the reader is completely overwhelmed by an accumulation of facts and figures that seem to lead nowhere in particular, or lead to other equally inconclusive *longueurs*.

It is this strange inhibition—confronting the *déjà vu* of history, or recognizing that a fact which has no *déjà vu* is bound to be dull—a fate from which all Professor Seton-Watson's technical and massive weight of learning cannot redeem it—that has transformed what should have been a work of historical imagination into an encyclopaedic compilation of knowledge. In other factors may also have been at work. In an engagingly frank preface, Professor Seton-Watson confesses that, while he did not lack respect for the Russian nation, its language and its literature, he lacks "the warm feeling" which comes from long experience of human contact. "It is hard to believe that, if the author had been able to choose his own subject and to live in his own way, instead of fitting himself into the needs of a series, he would have produced more deeply felt and therefore more satisfying work. It is now fifteen years since the Oxford History of Modern Europe was launched and this is still only the third volume to be produced in it. This is not only industry in which delivery sometimes goes astray. But all volumes are announced. It is probably too much to hope that this will prove to be the series to end all series."

JOHNSONIAN MISCELLANEA. Arranged and Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. Vol. I. 488pp. Vol. II. 517pp. Constable. £7.7s. the set.

George Birkbeck Hill published his great edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in 1887. Then, following a suggestion of Leslie Stephen, he edited the remaining sources of Johnson's life. His collection was published in 1897 as *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, and this is now brought out in a photo-lithographic reprint with a foreword by Professor Walter Jackson Bates. In these two volumes are Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*, his autobiographical *Annals*, Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson*, Arthur Murphy's *Essay on the Life and Genius of Samuel Johnson*, and various shorter accounts of Johnson by some twenty writers, including Sir James Hawkins, Hannah More, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and George Steevens. There are also some letters from Boswell to Johnson about the *Life of Johnson*, two parodies of Johnson by Reynolds, and a collection of "minor anecdotes", many of which come from the long and maligned edition of Boswell by Croker. The one serious omission from this fascinating collection is the *Diary of Fanny Burney*. Hill has thought of giving extracts from a piece of work to be "hacked" in a diary is exactly the sort of work which extracts can be taken from. It is a scrupulously exact piece of work, but it is not a diary. His notes belong to a more and more than ours; his knowledge of the eighteenth century was enormous, and he quotes material from scores of contemporary writers of the period. He gives a great deal of information, such as the names of Samuel Johnson, or the names of the writers who used his words, used in his texts are not included. When Mrs. Piozzi says, "The *Nile* flows" from an almost any number of sources, except the *Nile* itself, Hill consistently omits to mention the source. The decision to reprint these volumes was a splendid one.

JOHN STAUDER: *Friedrich Schiller*. 452pp. Zurich: Atlantis Verlag. 28Sw.fr.

Professor Staiger's massive study of Schiller took its order from the poet's own long growth. His new book does not follow any such organic principle, but is shaped by an argument. Schiller's life and works are taken as known—surprisingly, since Professor Staiger's forte is the perceptive gradual interpretation of the individual work. Here, interpretation is from the start a means.

The opening chapters, ringing loudly, sketch the two pillars of the poet's creativity: his experience of external life as an alien force (*Freude des Lebens*) and his commitment to the mind's freedom in response. This familiar picture, drawn perhaps more extremely than usual, poses the problem: what kinds of poetry can arise from such divided experience? An exploration of the young Schiller's works reveals a creative will, powerful but arbitrary, stamping itself on a world from which the poet was too cut off ever to mould it gently. Schiller is a Pygmalion breathing violent life into deeply artificial creations: lyrical poetry which is not intimate or delicate, but glowing rhetoric; plays whose unrealistic but theatrically convincing extremities "terrorize" the audience; again, not an original but an intensified view which brings home to us the live process, not just static results. Schiller's enormous subjective power appears as a potential equally to create good or evil; even the later moral commitment of a writer often construed as a moralizer seems to hang on the loss of an aesthetic coin.

Indeed, so large does the aesthetic factor loom as the argument develops that the particular themes and ideas Schiller uses are denied intrinsic importance. Only the assertion of autonomy matters, for which any imposing form on any material will do. The whole system of principles and techniques the mature Schiller elaborated to regulate the battle between world and work is presented in this light. Professor

Staiger's account is impressive, yet not wholly persuasive. One is more conscious than in his other works of a thesis—and of the factors it must understate. Sometimes he seems to suggest Schiller did not really want to bridge the gap between mind and object, preferring arbitrary subjective freedom to an ideal balance of inner and outer. Whole areas of Schiller's work argue the opposite: the insistence in his aesthetic writings, matched by the practice in his mature Goethe-influenced work, on the saturation of the formal category with the live material of experience; or his related belief in the objectivity of beauty. Here and elsewhere we miss the exhaustive work-by-work approach which would at least have had to dispose of such objections. Even the examples taken from Schiller's highest achievements of poetic balance hardly affect the picture; for just when Schiller seems to reach his own ideal standards, praise is qualified through what looks like hindsight—namely, biographical/psychoanalytical reference back to the conflicting elements we were first shown. There is a disquieting touch of the circular in this.

Yet more disquieting is the suggestion that for Schiller ideas themselves are mere material for the free mind to dispose of, "in principle interchangeable". No distinction is drawn between ballads (where ideas may indeed be part of the local colour of, say, a Greek nemesis-story) and straight philosophical poetry. Changes and contradictions in one philosophical poem are taken as indifference to the ideas as such; but the identical confusion or ambivalence occurs in a related philosophical essay. Are ideas being played with there too? The thesis seems anarchistic—a revelling in the disposability of everything as mere material is surely the role of the German Romantics? This point is taken up at a later stage.

Next come 200 pages on the mature drama. In sections on characters, statement. In another note to Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* he writes: "In this short Preface Johnson is an oak, Trajan's column, the Nile, and Ajax Telamonius. Mrs. Piozzi herself is the archer who retires behind his comrade's shield, because fencing in the school is so different from fighting in the field—a passage reminiscent of Johnson's analysis of the metaphors in Addison's *Letter from Italy*. When Mrs. Piozzi speaks of her mother, whose beauty was 'scarce . . . subdued by disfigurement', Hill notes 'It must have been a good deal subdued by age, for she was sixty-six'."

In some respects Hill's prejudices are unfortunate. He relies excessively on Boswell, referring us to *The Life* "for Johnson's estimate of Shakespeare and of Milton". Today we prefer to read what Johnson himself wrote on these subjects. Again, Hill is unfair to Mrs. Piozzi. She wrote that Johnson "had given particular attention to the diseases of the imagination, which he watched in himself with a solicitude and intolerance of his own peers, and intolerable to those he trusted". In this statement, but Mrs. Piozzi knew more of this side of Johnson's life than either Boswell or Hill. (Her *Anecdotes*, despite their pretension and occasional inaccuracy, would be worthwhile for their record of Johnson's brilliant remarks on *Clarissa* if for nothing else.)

R. W. Chapman wrote that Hill's editing was "sufficient unto salvation". His extracts from Sir John Hawkins have been supplanted by Bertram Davis's modernized and mercifully abridged edition of Hawkins's *Life*, and Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations* and *Annals* are presented in a fuller form in the first volume of the Yale edition of Johnson. The rest still stands: Hill's edition of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* is better than the one prepared for the Cambridge University Press by S. C. Roberts in 1925. For the many additional anecdotes, narratives and recollections Hill is the only available source. The decision to reprint these volumes was a splendid one.

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TOSSING THE AESTHETIC COIN

action and language. analysis stabilizes reassuringly about single works, sense and sensitivity combine to produce many pages of vintage Staiger. Still, axes are being ground. From the opening analysis of Schiller's make-up, one might have expected an orthodox account of the later plays as exemplifying the struggle for moral freedom. Instead, Professor Staiger argues more simply that Schiller is above all else a theatrical poet, aiming at an emotional effect by plain means. First, this serves a polemic against German academic criticism. Because Schiller's dramas are too lucid to be fashionable, academic would-be rescuers have dressed them in the garb of modernizing metaphysics and abstract motive-analysis. Professor Staiger shows up these Emperor's clothes and provides eminently reasonable interpretations. "How could Schiller say it more plainly?" He indeed— which was how the trouble began. But even as we applaud the polemic, it leads too far. Presumably because academic criticism makes so much of Schiller's philosophical ideas and moral purposes, their relevance is taken as discredited. Schiller's "most sacred convictions" only serve the rousing of emotion; and anyway they may not be Schiller's. Baby has gone with bathwater. True, the dramas are not just the ideas verified; but to deny the constant influence these exert is a simplification—which incidentally makes Professor Staiger contradict his earlier remarks on *Maria Stuart*. Similarly, the account of Schiller's theatrical purpose is over-simplified. His drama may be for the spectator, not the subtilizing reader, but it is for a morally aware and morally educable spectator. He aims at tragic emotion, but this too has aims beyond itself. His means serve the theatre, but he believes in the theatre as a rational moralist. Professor Staiger seems to have decided largely to ignore that major

strand in Schiller's thinking which runs from the early speech on the theatre's regenerative effects to the treatise on the aesthetic education of Man. To be sure, we should not read Schiller's plays, any more than other texts, from known ideas and intentions; but these are still an inescapable frame of reference to all but the pure formalist (and Professor Staiger is too much a scholar to be that). Is he not confusing here the proper priorities in interpretation with the question of what Schiller's ultimate priorities were?

The short final chapter is the key to all the foregoing. Headed "Schiller and the fate of poetry", it explicitly links Schiller's willed mastery and the manipulative principles of the Romantics. Yet the link soon becomes an antithesis: Romantic subjectivity is more extreme and leads ultimately to the excessive subjectivism of modern literature, with its infinite range and infinite aporia. Schiller is now approved as against Schlegel, who has "defeated" him. This we can fully support—but why did Schiller first need to be drawn so much closer to the Romantics than the facts allow? The pity is, this is unnecessary. A more "orthodox" picture would still yield enough common elements to show up their different reactions. For him the mind's autonomy entailed an ideal of reintegration; for them of irresponsibility.

This closing chapter (like Professor Staiger's recent Zürich speech) is *Kulturkritik*, an argument for order, value and community. Yet by colouring parts of the preceding study with this purpose he has paradoxically weakened Schiller's claim to stand for these things as clearly as he should. There is a sad but not chance irony in the fact that, where Goethe's deeply organic work left this fine critic free simply to interpret, Schiller's has provoked—for all the many memorable pages—some departure from his usual "gentle empiricism".

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WISDOM FROM THE WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP

RECENTLY a local newspaper serving an area which produced not only Cobbett but also George Sturt ("George Bourne" on his title-pages) serialized parts of Sturt's Journal. The experiment was not long protracted and the task of finding extracts which would most appeal to a current audience could not have been easy. But salute was made, and beneath each instalment some salient facts about Sturt's life were compressed into a note whose craftsmanship might have approved.

Sturt thought of the Journal which he kept for nearly forty years as his chief work, and in the sense that it was the basis of everything else, he was right. By far his largest composition, it is a document rather than a work of art, for experience of which a reader must go to *The Betsworth Book* (1901), *Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer* (1907), *The Wheelwright's Shop* (1923) and one or two others, regretting meanwhile that whereas many light-weights have been "collected" and are readily acquired, Sturt has to be sought for, and when found guarded as treasure.

The olive-green cover of Mr. E. D. Mackerness's selection from Sturt's Journal is adorned with a wheel, which is appropriate, for *The Wheelwright's Shop* is one of those rare ventures, descriptive of complex skill, which have double value, first as writing and then as preserving the essence of what has vanished. It is hard to think of a close comparison with the achievement. Somewhere near it is the late Eric Benfield's *Purbeck Shop* (1940). Benfield, originally a quarryman, also wrote novels, like Sturt, and grew to become a fair hand, with them. Sturt, sensibly enough, dropped fiction early in his writing life, concentrating on articles on general subjects which had their immediate interest and effect, but which are now faded, and on people faithfully observed. His books at their best have, in their province, few equals. Largely derived from material noted in his Journal, they live in their own right, and the reason is because Sturt was not only aware but also because nature, thought and experience had made him compassionate. His were fine qualities, and as his theme was a lost way of English rural life, in which there was beauty as well as cruel hardship, what he wrote will always be valuable to those to whom history is made up not only of Acts of Parliament and battles but also of men and women getting their living.

What Sturt was aiming at for himself (aside from satisfaction in what he called that "maggot urge to write," which taxed him so relentlessly) was confided in a passage he composed in June 1909, when he was—momentarily—feeling somewhere near despair at the state into which the increasing pace and disintegration of life seemed to be harrying his country.

It is, first, to be attached to something of larger and more gracious movement than one's individual life can ever be. I want to know, not intellectually, but with the conviction of experience, the greatness and perpetuity of the world I belong to, and of the affairs in which I am taking part. And I require to be at times refreshed in this conviction by sudden flashing perceptions of the realities which can give of their own importance to my otherwise unimportant doings. In a word, I want a religion, to explain and justify and lend dignity to my life; and I desire to feel its intensity.

Next, because that feeling is too overpowering to be endured for more than seconds—or at most minutes—at a time, I should wish to be engaged at some necessary work which would keep me and be helpful to other people. . . . My account-keeping work at Farnham would almost satisfy this demand, if, instead of serving my own ends almost solely, it served the ends of the community. But I should prefer some craft, such as carpentry or gardening. What ever it was, it ought to be beyond dispute useful, so that I might never be tempted by my religion with the sense of being an idler, a mere enjoyer and consumer of a paradise. Under such conditions, with a clear conscience I could take up pleasures, like seeing friends, reading, going to the theatre, travelling. . . .

The questioning, wise and unpretentious man who wrote those words came, in the end, within measure of realizing what he wanted, or such may be one conviction likely to arise from surrender to his pages. His Journal is a blend of self-education, autobiography, speculation and observation, in which the latter two elements predominate. His present editor, in addition to supplying essential preliminaries in which not a shade of unjustified claim appears, does everything useful to ensure reading which is never without clarity and seldom without grace. Mr. Mackerness tantalizes only in his omissions: to give a concrete instance, who would not be eager to know more, when confronted with these three separate entries, italicized to summarize what is missing: "3 February 1892: 7.30 p.m. The cats: their behaviour discussed. . . ." "23 February 1900: . . . Observations on cat behaviour: a story received into the household. . . ." "4 months later, 'Cat behaviour: instinctively doing the right thing without a moral code' to guide them. . . ." It is said indeed not to be able to enjoy Sturt on feline habits.

This, it could be argued, is self-indulgence: Sturt's main concern was always the human condition, about which there is abundance, every line of it worth meditation, either for its immediate effect or as social history. His own position was, as he states, paradoxical. He was a socialist employer of labour, and his interests were, at times, harshly strained or divided. He was generous by nature, but could never afford to be as much so as he would have wished, for he was not within distance of wealth. He was accustomed to give pensions to faithful old people who had worked for him, out of his own pocket, and he kept various relatives from want. But his "nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love" were done through a measure of self-denial—of books, for example—of which he never made too much, even to himself. For living near him, and always kept in mind, were neighbours to whom the wheelwright and wagoners' business, the cottage, the modest possessions, steady income, would have seemed rich, and, what is more, security. Sturt never forgot this. "It was an attitude which, over the course of life, he found to be far less common than he could have wished. Sometimes he was ready to find excuses for ignorance, but by no means always, and when he found indifference, a lack of essential neighbourliness in those

who had had the same upbringing as himself, how could he not condemn it? Early middle age found Sturt with reasoned hope. Loving the older life as he did, he would not have gone back to it, for it had been far too oppressive for too many. In spite of what he called "the dearthness of our present villages," he felt a stirring of profound change within society as a whole, which might become something like revolution, and with that change there seemed new life. He realized the "surprising splendour of the part of the world in which he lived. He was within a walk of Hindhead, and right up to the crescendo of the motor age people walked the roads

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Since Bennett's time, teachers of literature have found in Sturt an example of how to think, and write straight. But perhaps his true reward is the lasting regard of people who love their land as much as he did, and who will find in his Journal more cogent reason to press for the reissue of at least the best of his other books of his which are as hard to get.

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For in spite of everything, even the pendulous thought of obliteration, things have improved, if not everywhere, then at least in Sturt's country. There are new oppressors, but less immediate oppression. The tyrants, as Sturt foresaw, are more impersonal, less harsh in their effects than the propertied village bully.

Sturt's own sort of tradesman has been high among those to suffer as the result of change, owners of small, under-capitalized businesses dependent on craftsmanship, quality, goodwill, tradition, family, personality. They still exist, but not in numbers. It is arguable that if a man were to re-visit, after an absence of half a century, some provincial town he had known well as a boy, what he would first remark would be the disappearance of the familiar small shop in favour of the universal combine and the multiple store. If the transition has been inevitable it has brought loss, not least in a sense of that personal responsibility not only for work, but also for tolerable relations with dependent and interdependent neighbours.

Sturt remarked that one effect of large scale industry was to divert attention away from those actually producing the goods consumed. The effect upon the producer, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, is that he follows his day's work only as a means to an end, and rarely for the sake of

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For in spite of everything, even the pendulous thought of obliteration, things have improved, if not everywhere, then at least in Sturt's country. There are new oppressors, but less immediate oppression. The tyrants, as Sturt foresaw, are more impersonal, less harsh in their effects than the propertied village bully.

Sturt's own sort of tradesman has been high among those to suffer as the result of change, owners of small, under-capitalized businesses dependent on craftsmanship, quality, goodwill, tradition, family, personality. They still exist, but not in numbers. It is arguable that if a man were to re-visit, after an absence of half a century, some provincial town he had known well as a boy, what he would first remark would be the disappearance of the familiar small shop in favour of the universal combine and the multiple store. If the transition has been inevitable it has brought loss, not least in a sense of that personal responsibility not only for work, but also for tolerable relations with dependent and interdependent neighbours.

Sturt remarked that one effect of large scale industry was to divert attention away from those actually producing the goods consumed. The effect upon the producer, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, is that he follows his day's work only as a means to an end, and rarely for the sake of

it. He "gets his living" during the day, but "retires living" in the evening. His interests and enjoyments are in abeyance until then. This is not a life of leisure, but a life of leisure, for he is not a man of leisure, but a man of leisure.

Such remarks would be commonplace if written today. They were from being so when Sturt wrote them, but even his words did not extend to the stultification of leisure by canned amusement.

Sturt's was a sad evening, clouded by the increase of that ill health, originally bronchial—which had become, physically, quite degenerate. Sisters tended him, and he could reflect that if he had not been in a sense a popular writer, he had not been unrecognized. He found Arnold Bennett was his worst friend, a fact which did not prevent him from noting, with the calm of friendship, some of Bennett's limitations: "It is useless for me to tell him that Hilda expected an exquisite thrill. Did she? he says: but he offers no proof. and his English produces no corresponding thrill in me. Instead of a thrill, it gives me the word 'exquisite'."

Since Bennett's time, teachers of literature have found in Sturt an example of how to think, and write straight. But perhaps his true reward is the lasting regard of people who love their land as much as he did, and who will find in his Journal more cogent reason to press for the reissue of at least the best of his other books of his which are as hard to get.

as a matter of course, a fact almost forgotten now that the pedestrian is constrained, in self-defence, to look for footpaths. Had he lived a very little longer, Sturt would have seen the National Trust evident in his district, and it is probable that, with reservations, he would have approved not merely its aims but also its methods.

"The unknown people," he wrote in May, 1910

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WHEN I WAS A BOY IN KOTKA

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saved for the nation. Greek statues were shed at the time, and there have been periodic demands that Greek sculptures should return to Greece. The latest official answer has come from Mr. Harold Wilson's office: there is no automatic principle which we should follow that the removal should be a redeployment of a work of art in accordance with its origin. Mr. St. Clair more liberally concludes that if Elgin had removed them, the Parthenon would be in a far worse condition today, even assuming they had some at all.

It remains to ask whether the original object over the Marbles like all his other ambitions, was adequately achieved. In architecture, sculpture and painting, he may have been disappointed. Though the classics was running out, and soon swept away on a tide of Victorian Gothic. With the par in spite of some heavy-lifting by Thomas Hardy, he was twice by John Keats wrote two mending "nets", but the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and parts of *Hyperion* may not have been the same value as Marbles. Mr. St. Clair's more controlled account, succinct and convincing on a subject full of temptations for exaggerated claims, perhaps a shade too non-committal.

And once I touched a broken piece
And knew that marble bore
The Marbles go on, transcribing the eternal life to us; like this beautiful living memorial to the wounds of Elgin.

1814-1914. 236pp. 22 plates.

Very properly Miss Pakenham begins with the painters. From Haydon and Wallis, setting out after Napoleon's abdication, to Conder and Sickert at the turn of the century—and on beyond this book to Barnett Freedman and the brothers Ardizzone where gastronomic outing was so delightfully chronicled in *Signature in Red*—Dieppe has drawn artists from both sides of the Channel by its light, its life and the remarkably homogeneous early eighteenth-century bank architecture which it owes to a glorious British bombardment in 1764. Tourists have followed, retired people, remittance men, merchants, gamblers in quest of a Casino, pupils destined for finishing schools or cramming. By the time of Delacroix's first visit in 1830 the town had three English-owned hotels, two schools for English girls and three doctors to look after English health. By 1860 the strength of the English colony was about 600, and during the next twenty years of the century Dieppe was one of Europe's smartest watering-places with the Halevy's, the Blancs, the Greffulhes, the Seibours, the Princes Sturdza and Poniowski among the permanent summer residents, and a flowing band of visitors that included Proust, Whistler, Cide, Fauré, the Prince of Wales, half the contributors to the *Yellow Book*, and all the leading Impressionists except Sisley. Winston Churchill's memorable mother-in-law, settled there with her children

British navies, notorious, says the author, for their use of the word "damn") built the Paris-Le Havre railway under a British engineer, Joseph Locke: in 1848 the Paris-Dieppe line was completed, and Dieppe station, with its façade of English brick, was opened by the financier Charles Blount. The cross-channel services sped up: where the unfortunate Colman had taken forty-two hours by sail, steamers in the 1880s took three to three-quarters of an hour less than they take today). In 1908 a weekend return from London cost 16s. third class.

Since 1945 much has changed. Painters nowadays want a light in which they can sunbathe with closed eyes: painting is done in the studio. Gamblers can gamble at home; scandal too can be lived down there, if indeed they need be lived down at all. Most of the Englishmen Dieppe now sees are motorists, travelling to or from the south; schools, doctors and churches have gone; there is virtually no English colony left except the employees of the motoring organizations and the Imperial War Graves Commission. Even the Dieppois themselves are little about the buildings or shopfronts that recall their nineteenth-century grandeur: too many gimcrack shopfitters are active and too few French preservationists interested in any architecture later than 1700. Yet the Dieppe of the period 1870-1914, to which nearly two-thirds of Miss Pakenham's book is devoted, was uniquely successful in

Serious authorship is a serious business for writers anywhere; but those in unfashionable languages, that is, those of small nations or communities, have an extra problem in that success and reputation, when achieved, can be neither very profitable nor widespread. By sponsoring a number of translations in recent years the Council of Europe has done a little to remedy the situation, and it is cheering to find that the Nordic Council is now backing a series of translations into English of novels, short stories and plays by authors of the five Nordic countries. None of the works chosen has hitherto been available in English, and for each we are promised an introduction which places it in a context of modern European literature. If *My Childhood* is a fair sample of what is intended, then the Council is discharging a function not only beneficial to northern authors but also highly pleasurable to the English-reading public.

Toivo Pekkanen was born into a poor stone-cutter's family at Kotka on the south-eastern coast of Finland in 1902. Since *My Childhood* covers only the first sixteen years of his life, it is as well to know that he began to write while still a metal-worker, was able to publish sketches and short stories in 1927, and in 1932 had a sufficient success with his novel *Tuhtaan varjossa* ("In the Shadow of the Mills") to become a professional author and soon an established author. His output was considerable.

in amnesic aphasia, but by a prodigious effort of will he mastered the use of language a second time. In the hope of completing his planned Kotka epic. It proved too much for him; he was living not on borrowed but on dearly purchased time, and knew it. He died in 1957.

My Childhood appeared in 1953, but one will look in it in vain for complaint or self-pity. His parents were poor and his life hard: he was often hungry, and sometimes half-starved; he stood within himself, feeling, thinking, wondering at the world, and also outside, the eternal spectator of his own role in Kotka's drama. He does not see himself as unlucky, for he was part of a household held together by the love and self-sacrifice of a proud, honest, story-telling father, who broke his strength to pieces on stone, and a happy-natured, enduring, resourceful mother. It is not the least of Pekko's feats in this chapter of autobiography to show us his parents' humble heroism and reveal that in large measure he was at the time unaware of it.

At first he was his father's boy and shared that curious man's imaginative world, but when his father went first to the hospital and then to the workhouse to die he transferred without effort to his mother. All along too he kept a strange manly independence of them both. Kotka was no empty world to grow up in. There were the young

neighbours, each with his oddity, teachers who wanted to help the lone-goer, and a few incredible people who never humped loads, swung hammers, or cleaned drains, but had muffs in winter and rode past in a coach. There were the forest and sea, and not least there were books. Young Toivo was a compulsive reader of anything. He almost memorized the Bible—but anything would do. Finally there was war. Red Guards and White Guards—most puzzling this, which were which? One kind marching the streets today, the other tomorrow, and the crackling volleys of the execution squads in the forest by night. He filled in his father's grave and saw it obliterated by a new road, ate oil-cake until for a time and nearly died of it, and learned that hate is the one thing we must destroy lest it destroy us. Suddenly in his sixteenth year he found shelter in a single room housing three fatherless families—Red Guards, White Guards, who knew? "In that room, amongst three families, I began unaided to practise the art of writing."

My Childhood is a strong, beautiful and moving book. It is often said that everyone's childhood is everyone else's. and inasmuch as most men know wonder and innocence, and blunt or dull their own experience, there is much truth in this. Toivo Pekkanen seems not to have dulled them too much, and in the showing of this book made good

All this Aeschylean battle with the Furies, however, was nothing to the drama for which he is best known, his removal of the Parthenon sculptures and metopes from the Acropolis to the British Museum. It followed a course identical with the rest of his life, high hopes and noble aspirations bedevilled by disappointment, ill-luck, disloyalty and violent personal stresses. At its climax, everyone who

ANTONY PRESTON and JOHN MAJOR: *Send a Gunboat*. 266pp. Longmans. £2 10s.

The book is at its useful best when it is concerned with the gunboats themselves. There are a number of interesting photographs and instructive plans and diagrams and there is a comprehensive catalogue of gunboats which gives the builders, launching date and eventual fate of each. Appendixes include lists of gunboats afloat on April 1, 1867, of where they were stationed, and of applications made for the assistance of a warship in the years 1857-61, together with the nature and source of each application and of the action taken. Historians will find these informative and are likely to regret that, being dependent on single published docu-

ment, they do not refer to his periods of time. Other readers may be warned that some of the facts in this book are doubtful, some even downright bad. But we are to make a few points with a just claim to be taken seriously which concern the following piece of fiction rubbish? "Chastising the slavers and savages the Navy was relentless war on every one resisted the sacred Liberalism of parliamentary government, the life progress and trade." It isprising to be told that Gordon sent on his last journey to Sudan because "it was hoped his great popularity as a liberator of slaves would pacify the coast." And it is absurd of the author to talk of "the British mission of world power" during the long years after Waterloo—as their relations to "panics" show.


JOHN MEYER: *The Maoris of New Zealand*. 245pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

The series "Societies of the World", edited by Professor John Middleton, furnishes the most reliable knowledge about her subjects. The result is a compact

is not off to a rather slow start but every good one. The first volume was written by Professor C. von Filler-Haimendorf, a highly readable *The Apa Tani and their Neighbours* (1963), and now, after an interval of four years, Dr. Joan Meyer's excellent study of the Maoris at last appears as the second. No matter if we have to wait another such period for the third (it is long as this standard is maintained) in a book of small format, Dr. Meyer, an anthropologist with special responsibility for Maori studies at the Victoria University of Wellington, covers a wide range of matters and succeeds in presenting a remarkably comprehensive account of Maori society and institutions. The text is accompanied by sixteen plates, ten of which are figures, a glossary, a classified bibliography, and even an excellent index.

The author writes with evidence of attachment to the Maoris, among whom she has lived for a number of years, and with a tactful apprehension of the difficulties still confronting them in their continuing transition to the ways of the dominant culture. Her writing is both sober, factual enough to satisfy the serious student, but also unobscured enough for the general reader (including, one hopes, those who come to New Zealand high schools). She veritably abjures any personal, political, or polemical observations such as have obstructed her purpose in conveying succinctly the many

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French cultural influences were largely confined to the aristocracy and the intellectuals and never filtered down to the other classes.

Mr. Scott's chapters on Motho Svea, Dreadful Night and Image True and False are admirable, even if some of his examples of Swedish indifference to the suffering of others verge on the horrific. He

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ally with other people or to accept criticism from outsiders he always senses their modesty and humbleness and praises their laudable consideration for working conditions in mine factories and offices. In spite of his critical attitude he writes with understanding and sympathy; for those who wish to know what the Swedes are really like Mr. Scott's book is most illuminating.

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The name was inappropriate—like the title of this useful book—for what it described was not diplomacy, nor were gunboats a necessary ingredient of it. Indeed, one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of "gunboat diplomacy"—the bombardment and executions at Jeddah in 1857, was carried out before gunboats, properly so-called, had been put to this use. And one of its most recent episodes, the bombardment of Algeria by German warships in 1937, was carried out, among other instruments, by a pocket battleship. Nor was the employment of threats of force absent from the relations of the European Powers among themselves. The diplomatic history of Europe is full of examples of frontier reinforcements, manoeuvres and mobilizations intended to draw attention to the likelihood that there really was a sabre in the scabbard.

Friendly visits¹ by warships to the ports of major, no less than minor, powers were rarely innocent of a desire to show the flag. Visits to the waters of the weak were not always directed at the riparian rulers.

When, in 1881, Gladstone learnt that the French battleship *Fleischard* was in Tunisian waters, he gave orders for it to be asked to join the fleet there (without reference to his Cabinet colleagues). His move was directed not at the Bey of Tunis, but at Germany. It was not an example of gunboat diplomacy but the example of a hint of force.

Intended to indicate a stiffness of attitude in an issue of conventional diplomacy.

Gunboat diplomacy, we might say, since consideration of this book seems to demand a definition, is a term once used, and colloquially applied to the sort of measures sometimes taken when the first requirement of effective dip-

Faced with a lack of ships suitable for inshore work in the Baltic during the first years of the Crimean War, the Admiralty embarked upon a "crash" programme which almost achieved a target of 120 gunboats by 1856. Energetic measures involved the use of sub-contractors and assembly-line methods, and also, because of a shortage of seasoned oak, of green timber with unsurprising results. Meanwhile, gunboats had pinned down the shores of the Baltic to Russian force as large as the entire British Army while others, after their success in the Straits of Kerch, scored offing the Gulf of Azov, which gave the Royal Navy its 'biggest achievement' of the war. Some forty of them developed dry rot before ten years had passed and one was disposed of, not very admirably, to the Confederate navy, in 1863. But the wartime stopgap became a work-horse in the line of peace, and soon there were new marks capable of ocean passages. The gunboats quickly established themselves in operations in Chinese waters. They were effective and had their added, and considerable, merit that they were relatively economical. They fitted some of the needs of a situation created by the withdrawal of colonial garrisons. The navy employed them in its capacity as a police force rather than as a part of the war machine, but gunboats were also stationed in home waters, earmarked for coastal defence in the years of invasion scare, volunteers and, for the most part, volunteers.

Elieenne-Denis Pasquier — "the inevitable" — as envious rivals learnt to call him in the years after Waterloo—is of historical interest for two reasons. One is that for a single lifetime to span the epic century of French history between the 1760s and the 1860s is so remarkable that it is worth examining for continuities and subtler revelations of the tactics of personal survival: the other, that any man who served Louis XVI as a Counsellor in the Paris *Parlement*, Napoleon as Prefect of Police, Louis XVIII as Minister of Justice and Louis Foreign Affairs, and Louis Philippe as Chancellor, deserves attention for the rich variety of his experience. For both reasons, welcome can be given to the English translation, ably effected by Mr. Douglas Gorman, of a volume of extracts from Pasquier's *Histoire de mon temps* published in France three years ago.

The original fifteen folio volumes were published as six volumes in 1895, and even so covered only the years between 1767 and 1830. M. Lacour-Gayet's volume of selections, with explanatory notes and linking commentaries, now translated, concentrates mainly on the later years of the Napoleonic Empire and ends with the second Restoration in July 1815. As more than a quarter of the original *Histoire* was devoted to the two years 1814 and 1815 this concentration is fair enough: and is matched by the principle on which the other extracts have been chosen.

SURVIVAL EXPER.

1767-1815. Translated by Douglas Garman. Introduction and notes by the author. Pp. 240. £3 3s.

hand evidence about events in which Pasquier personally took part.

The result is a remarkably readable and continuous story—dramatic in its fluctuations of fortune, national and personal, and vividly revealing the character of Pasquier himself. Passages showing his priggishness and sanctimonious self-justifications have been preserved, but not overstressed. The interlude of the Hundred Days brought especially painful heart-searchings for one who had contrived to retain under the first Restoration the key post of Prefect of Police which he had held under Bonaparte, and who now had to make his peace first with Bonaparte and then again with Louis XVIII. Even this acrobatic performance he accomplished, in concert with those other adepts in survival, Fouché and Talleyrand, and with the aid of anxious sophistries. Hearing that the decision of the victorious allies in Paris, in March, 1814, was never to treat with Napoleon or his family, he decided that only a firm switch of allegiance to the Bourbons could save France from further wars and disasters: a conclusion reasonable enough.

Did not true patriotism demand that, at the risk of whatever personal danger, one should support the only policy that was capable of ensuring the safety of the country? I had already given much consideration to the grave situation I should have to face, and I had not conceived of either the dangers or the sadness inherent in an irrevocable decision. From that moment, I resolved

facilitate the Restoration, and to secure victory for the cause of Bourbons.

But, unhappily for Pasquier and others like him, he had then to turn in the dilemma of whether to revert to Napoleon during the so-called Days: a dilemma which he solved realistically by holding out until Waterloo ensured the success of the Restoration.

Pasquier's account is especially valuable for its close-up view of those skilful jugglers, Fouché, Talleyrand, and in action at the moments: judging the timing of the actions, estimating the balance of forces and the reactions of the Emperor, and calculating the main chances. It needs correcting by other sources but it contributes useful detail.

One can watch Pasquier and his friends easing Louis back to the throne, and themselves to his service. In 1814 he was elected to the Academy, defeated Alphonse de Vigny; his declining years adorned by a cultivated friend with Madame de Boigne, who gaged in writing her memoirs; the nephew he adopted as his young André-Pasquier, who continued to play in turn a disingenuous part in French political life; the turbulence of French politics; the fragility of regimes in the nineteenth century: there was not good sense and even statesmanship as well as self-interest, in Pasquier as in any of his contemporaries. What is the point of the dictum: 'What is the price of detesting oneself to a life of self-interest?' What can be said of egotism? What can be said of the mind but that it is


JOHN MEEGH: *The Maoris of New Zealand*. Kegan Paul. 30s.

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In a book of small format, Dr Meegh, an anthropologist with special responsibility for Maori studies at the Victoria University of Wellington, covers a wide range of matters and succeeds in presenting a remarkably comprehensive account of Maori society and institutions. The text is accompanied by sixteen plates, ten of which are photographs. There are 160 figures, a glossary, a classified bibliography, and even an ethnological index.

The author writes with evidenced attachment to the Maoris, among whom he has lived for a number of years, and with a tactful apprehension of the difficulties still confronting them in their continuing adjustment to the ways of the dominant group. His writing is clear and factual enough to satisfy the serious student, but also technical enough for the general reader (including, one hopes, his own). So, in New Zealand his book is, as he scrupulously abstains from any personal, political, or racial observations such as might have obstructed her purpose in writing it, a study of the Maori people.

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OFF OR ON COURSE ?

J. W. TIMBLE (Editor): *The Study of Education*. 239pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.
TREVOR BURGIN AND PATRICIA EDSON: *Spring Grove*. 112pp. Published for the Institute of Race Relations
by Oxford University Press. 21s.

R. S. PETERS (Editor): *The Concept of Education*. 223pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

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The present state of studies in education is far from satisfactory. Book after book tumbles from the press; many are undistinguished, a number downright bad; even the pens of the best writers seem to grow thick and hairy as they turn to the school. Why should this be? Children are fascinating; schools are often exciting places; what happens there

important commissions of inquiry. The only explanation can be that professors of history steer clear of the study of education.

In the field of psychology, however, Professor Ben Morris's competent survey of the work which has so far been accomplished, which suggests that there the separation is less acute. He believes that,

rushing traffic, busy people, blended together with rain, fog, and possibly a rather diluted sun.

This has the sense of the sympathy of the good and understanding teacher with children which is surely imparted; and which education courses exist to help to develop. How is it done, except by example and friendship? Can it be academized?

affects people, as individuals, and our country more than almost anything else. In the book by Professor Tibble—himself an educationist of considerable distinction—we may find a clue to what is amiss. *The Study of Education* is a collection of essays. It opens with a chapter by Professor Tibble himself on the development of the study of education in universities and elsewhere, and this is followed by five chapters by five professors, on the theory, philosophy, history, psychology and sociology of education. It is, generally speaking, an unimpressive collection: not necessarily because of the scholarly contributions of the authors, but because of the nature of what they have to say. Psychological studies in education [should] be based on a humane general psychology in which the more specialized studies, related closely to classroom and school will take their place. Such a psychology can still have its roots, so far as the teaching of it is concerned, in topics natural for the student teacher. Some separate treatment of the main branches of psychology is certainly required, but throughout the education course it must be constantly linked with educational theory proper and with the other foundation disciplines of education.

He thus makes a plea for studies in this field to be carried out in a more humanistic way. As Dr. Liam Hudson has pointed out from time to time, large topics of inquiry have often become bogged down in small-

The authors have a vivid perception of the meaning of immigration, which is often absent in most of the authorities who are responsible for the welfare of immigrants. Would a full background in educational psychology and educational philosophy have made them more, or less, aware of their problems?

Mr. Kellaway's book on *Education for Living* bears all the marks of the kind of dreary, over-detailed abstractions which is characteristic of some books on education and which epitomize, to a considerable degree, what goes on (in some places, at least). In summary form, it iterates a series of observations of a trite and tedious nature. Such general books seem to be

It is a matter for regret on the part of those concerned with developing studies in education that the relative academic isolation of education departments has led to the relative neglect of topics within the field generally thought to be covered by them. Apart from Professor Brian Simon's own contributions, for example, little has recently been written about the history of education; even the official War history has never appeared, and very little is known in any detail about the background and development of the processes which led to the 1944 Education Act. Professor Simon stresses the importance of local studies in education, and in particular the use of the records of the school boards and local authorities. Very little has been done in this field despite the dozens of young teachers with good degrees in history or seeking higher degrees, and the fact that there has been a growth of concern with social history. Here is fascinating material available for the asking. Even more remarkable is the failure to study the papers of distinguished educationists such as Hadow or Tawney, who have provided over or been concerned with im-

mediate or what they call 'practical' or 'on-the-spot' educational detail. Of course, the development of experimental psychology points in exactly the opposite direction to this: a close examination of psychology courses suggests that the relationship to the classroom is growing ever more distant as the laboratory becomes more important.

Spring Grove by Mr. Burgin and Miss Edson is a completely different kind of book from the one edited by Professor Tibble, in that it is a vivid description, by practising teachers, of the development of a school in Huddersfield, which had more than 50 per cent of non-white immigrants in it. The book is well written as well as extremely interesting. Perhaps an illustration of its quality is best given by a quotation:

In the majority of cases the children will not have had experience of an English school building, and the intricacies of stairs, galleries and classrooms must present an overwhelming problem to the small figure as he stands in the large hall gazing, rather lost and bewildered, at his new surroundings. The children's task is proportionately more difficult, to make the sudden transfer from a simple existence in a sunny Indian or Pakistani village to a terrifying conglomeration of lofty, soot-battered buildings, noise

of limited value to intending or practising teachers, and providing none of the texture of life inside a school, or of an understanding of the place of the school in society which might be thought to be the major task of works of this kind.

Another approach to the problem of attempting to inculcate intending teachers in some idea of the issues with which they are faced, is a series of lectures by distinguished public figures. The authors of the articles in Professor Peters' *The Concept of Education* include some well known modern writers and thinkers. The contributors are given space to develop their thoughts, and it is not a bity anthology. The book's analysis of what is understood by education and its relation to indoctrination, learning and teaching, is well worth following. However, one has a feeling that perhaps the authors are simply reflecting somewhat superficially on their own experience, and have little concern with what actually goes on in schools. The complex relationship between theory and practice raises issues that are unresolved.

UP AT THE LOCAL

ETHEL VENABLES: *The Young Worker at College—A Study of a Local Tech.* 240pp. Faber and Faber. 35s.

Lady Venables has studied the school leaving age and to make (which inevitably has to be brief) development of a local technical col- further education compulsory, caricatured here) suggests there mu

Perhaps the most fascinating material in *The Young Worker at College* is that which concerns the personality characteristics of the engineering students themselves. They are not the bright, regular, obedient, and uninterested in the subject matter type of students that the stereotypical image of human relationships. This somewhat depressing analysis

ENGLISH FOR THE ENGLISH

DAVID HOLBROOK: *The Exploring Word*. 283pp. Cambridge University Press. 45s. (Paperback, 15s.).

In All David Holbrook's books on education the underlying cry is for creativity in teaching, the stimulation of human beings rather than the manufacture of telly watchers. He uses as evidence for his arguments neither psychiatric dicta nor pedagogic truisms but the words of teachers and the children themselves, quoted at length as they write or speak. If he were concerned mainly with the primary school his approach would not be particularly noteworthy in these progressive post-Plowden days. But he is interesting and important because up till now he has treated a key and neglected branch of education, that relating to the less fortunate secondary modern pupils. In this book he again treats a serious and vital field, that of the actual training given to teachers of English. When public discussion of teachers centres mainly on their salaries, it is indeed refreshing to find someone intelligently looking at the way they are taught to do their jobs, and re-defining the nature of

says, should be abolished from teacher training colleges, root and branch.) His skill is that he always has a righteous shield against criticism: for whatever else is said he can never be accused of not being constructive. Here is an eminence terrible who may knock down the present system but who also builds a life-size prototype substitute of his own. Arid study of Swift may be out but Lawrence and lots of Leavisite favourites are in. It is easy to quarrel with the details of his syllabus and to underline his sad confession that it would take 370 hours for students on a non-specialist course to cover the poetry, drama and prose which he regards as essential, when they probably have at most 300 hours for this purpose. But his general strictures are worth having. By all means let us have seminars for student teachers rather than reams of potted lecture notes, active participation in study rather than the passive acceptance of other people's ideas, and

SLAVE SOCIETY

ORLANDO PATTERSON: *The Sociology of Slavery*. 310pp. Maca-
and Kee. £3 3s.

The ambitious title of Dr. Orlando Patterson's new book is not a good guide to its contents. The book is more accurately described by the subtitle: "an analysis of the origins, development and structure of Negro slave society in Jamaica". What Dr. Patterson has to say will, of course, be of interest to sociologists, since he is concerned to investigate a particular kind of society. But he also

cular kind of social organization and to examine its consequences for those who lived under it; but his book is also a valuable contribution to the study of West Indian history. Dr. Patterson has used primarily historical sources (see, for instance, his Appendix 5), and he has therefore had to use the critical techniques of the historian in extracting information and deriving conclusions from his wide-ranging documentation. Historians will find that Dr. Patterson has asked new questions and elicited some new answers in his discussion of the Jamaican slave society.

The book begins with a consideration of some aspects of its subject which are already quite well known to students of West Indian history. The first chapter analyses the economic, political and social development of the group of white masters in Jamaica from the time of the English Conquest up to Emancipation. This is followed by a description of the layout of the slave plantation, its personnel and their differences of socio-economic status, and its annual and daily cycles of work. Next Dr. Williams discusses the various forms of persistence were related to the institution in which the African slave was placed in Jamaica. The *John Canoe* and other seasonal festivals, he says, "became the only channel for the release of aggression, was approximated to the stage of the institution". As for the *John Canoe* story, he notes that "the trickster hero type tale survived, and was dominant, but because it was so widely psychologically best suited to the condition of the Negro in the New World", even though he makes it clear that "the slave did not see the *John Canoe* story, his folk-brothers did."

Patterson outlines the treatment of slaves in law and custom from the earliest days up to the period of Emancipation: and, with this general background sketched in, he proceeds to discuss the growth and decline of Jamaica's slave population, the causes of mortality under the slave regime, and the pattern of reproduction among the slaves.

He then turns to subjects where his sociological and anthropological training is more in evidence. He examines first of all the tribal origins of the Jamaican slave, and then goes on to discuss the relationship between Creole and African slaves, the adjustment of the Africans and the socialization of the Creoles, the mating patterns and parent-child relations among the slaves, kinship, and the position of the white out-group. He also examines the supernatural beliefs and practices of the slaves and their transference from Africa to the West Indies, and later sketches in the impact of Christianity on the slaves. To conclude his analysis of the social institutions of the slaves, he deals with the customary slave markets, the courts established among themselves by the slaves and the slave festivities, folk-lore and folk songs, most of which give evidence of being derived from the African cultural tradition among the slaves. Finally,

SOCIAL SYSTEM

STEPHEN COTGROVE: *The Science of Society*. 310pp. Allen and Unwin, 1967. £2. (Paperback, 28s.).

This up-to-date and well-organized text-book is probably the best introduction to sociology available for the British student. Its author, who holds a chair at the new Bath University of Technology, has also made a detailed study of technical education in this country, and his special interest in this field is reflected in the weighty chapter which he assigns to "The Educational System" in the present work. As it turns out, this is an excellent presentational device which gives coherence to his treatment of what must be the most diffuse and intractable of all subjects. For the purpose of providing a good sociology text-book is more than a pedagogical exercise—it represents a genuine feat in intellectual self-control and sustained sense of relevance.

After an introductory chapter which plunges straight into very difficult matters, the book divides into five chapters on "The Social System" and three chapters on Social Processes. The first of the social system chapters is naturally enough on "The Family", which is disposed of rather briefly, as an overture for the really substantial chapters on "The Educational System" (in which are included such topics as the mass media and youth culture) and on "The Economic System and Occupations". Here we have the hard core of the sociology of the industrial society as Professor Cotgrove sees it, and as it interests me myself. Then organization and under the customary title of such diverse phenomena as crime, suicide, alcoholism, mental illness, achievement motivation, and social marginality. The last but related items are marriage and divorce. I am not sure how well that there is in the book a sense not of breathlessness but of the need to go forward, and what is intended, after all, to the man's introduction, to the man's works listed in footnotes and bibliographies at the end of each chapter. One who reads this book will become a sociologist. But he will find it wishing to become a

CHACO AND MAPUCHE

MÉTRAUX: *Religions et magies indiennes d'Amérique du Sud*. 290pp. Paris: Gallimard. 25fr.

Religions et magies indiennes
Antropologie du Sud consists of nine
 essays by Alfred Métraux, all of
 which have been previously publi-
 shed, many of them twenty to thirty
 and one almost forty years ago. At
 the time of his death in 1963 Métraux
 was engaged in revising and
 expanding these articles and had com-
 pleted six of them; his posthumous
 son, Simone Dreyfus, selected the
 other three.

The advantages of presenting in a

witnesses to an earlier stage in a
 discipline's development. Rejuvena-
 tion does not necessarily entail per-
 petual youth, as is demonstrated
 by the article "Le chamaniisme
 araucan", which first appeared in
 1942 and was revised in order to take
 account of Mischä Tiliw's work on
 the Mapuche and Mircea Eliade's
 wide-ranging comparative study.
 Even before the revised version was
 published L. C. Faron's *Hawks of
 the Sun* had dated it.

of the Malaco. "Entretiens a
 Kedoc et Pedro" and "Le cham-
 isme araucan" have already be-
 mentioned, and "Le chamaniisme
 civilisations indigènes des Guyanes
 de l'Amazonie" (the reference to
 original article is given wrong-
 appeared in Nos. 3 and 4, not 1 as
 of Volume II of *Acta Amazonica*
 has been modified in a similar way
 the latter. Many of the ear-
 sources have been weeded out
 replaced by newer information

The advantages of presenting in a single volume essays on a similar topic are obvious; the essays originally published in diverse places and times are obvious; for example, it is useful to have together descriptions of shamanism from three different areas of South America. But too often republication appears to be undertaken for its own sake. Included some of the papers contained in this volume barely fit the first stated reason for their reappearance, that they are "dispersed in academic journals, many of them foreign, to which only the specialist has access. Even if this were true, would anyone other than the specialist ever want access to some of them, for they contain little more than the most undigested ethnographic data. It is difficult to see how, the

The revision of the other six papers is fairly long. In "L'Expression sociale de l'Ingressivité et du ressentiment chez les Indiens Mataco du Gran Chaco" is a French translation of "Suicide among the Mataco of the Argentine Gran Chaco" and the other modifications only amount to some introductory lines, a few changes of order, and some final paragraphs emphasizing the emotional as opposed to the phlegmatic character

RECONCILIATIONS

G. HEALEY (Editor): *Prospect for Theology*. Essays in Honour of H. H. Farmer. 244pp. Nisbet. 35s.
H. FARMER: *The World of Reconciliation*. 105pp. Nisbet. 12s. 6d.

that comes out again and again in the volume of essays presented by Professor Farmer, indeed so insistently that an essay on the same point might have been a valuable addition to the book, the changes that have come over English theology during his lifetime. In a remarkable way he placed himself, for in 1929, when he was nearly forty, he wrote a book in debate. Perhaps Professor Farmer himself might write his account of a theologian's progress, and then he could remind the Bishop of Durham—a former Nolloth Professor who, writing on a personal God, gently hopes that he will not scandalize the Bishop of Woolwich—that such matters were in debate when he first knew Cambridge.

the modern world. By examining the meaning of the Pauline verse "reconciliation", he moves firmly through the relation between God and man and the work of Christ. His mind has always been steeped in the New Testament, and therefore he has never ceased to be aware that what he is writing about is a Gospel. His new book, short as it is, will add to his reputation as a teacher, and

Professor Farmer was always conscious of the changing theological scene, but as his new book *The World of Reconciliation* makes plain he was equally certain that behind the conflict there was always something permanent: the Christian Gospel with its Biblical roots. Even the title of the book might have been found in use at any moment in the Church's long history. He is obviously conscious of what is being said and written today, but his theme is that when the old ideas are steadily examined they are found to have a serious relevance to men in

CHURCH MILITANT?

ce. **Christian Realism and the Conflicts of the Twentieth Century.** 142pp.

Church could work, but it was an armed protection. Dante in a world of city-states could do little better, advocating a universal monarchy which would function alongside and independently of the ecclesiastical monarchy of the Pope. Thomas Aquinas could only say that wars were legitimate provided they were "just," or legally declared; while the English Church in its Articles conceded that "It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear arms and fight in the wars". But such pronouncements, unsatisfactory as they were, at least indicated a deep-seated uneasiness in Christian minds, and possibly that almost unconscious pressure played its part in the modern attempts to solve the problems which were made after the First World War. The book would be more useful if it began with an historical survey to explain how the Church reached its uncomfortable compromise.

Mr. Booth sees that the essence of the problem lies in the insidious nature of power, a vast complication in which fear and greed build up pride, and whose wars are spuriously colored by ideologies; Christian, Islamic, Russian, American, Democratic, etc. There are men, persons created by God, entitled to respect. In that light war cannot be glorified.

Not Only Peace is modestly written, and deserves attention; but that it will make much impression on the metaphysical barriers of contemporary theology may be doubted.

STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC

MARGERY PURVER: *The Royal Society: Concept and Creation*. Introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper. 246pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s.

The founding of the Royal Society in 1660 (chapter 1662-63) was a symptom of the quickening pace of experimental and mathematical science, and the direct cause of some of the more useful work in science in the latter half of the century. Directly and indirectly the society influenced the attitudes of the best English philosophers, who for two centuries tended to be empiricists, if not downright utilitarians. Miss Purver sets out to discover the origins of this society, which are not only important for subsequent philosophy, but also are in themselves historically remarkable: at the Restoration the group which became the Royal Society was almost the only predominantly Puritan creation not abolished by Charles II. The grub and chrysalis stages of the society's development have, however, most drawn historian's attention of late. With the tercentenary celebra-

tial gentleman sitting amidst red velvet in Burlington House?

Miss Purver, who manages to avoid naming most of her opponents, has not so much taken the wind out of their sails by her tactics as torn one or two of the sails to shreds. Gresham College is pushed almost completely out of the new picture, as neither the centre of activity of the earlier London group—more precisely, Theodore Haak's group—nor anything more than a meeting place for the later London group. John Wallis is submitted to a somewhat rigorous examination, from which he emerges as a totally unreliable witness. "Pan-sophia" and the "Invisible College" are two more subjects which have at long last been given the scrutiny they deserve. But valuable as the book is for its details, the Baconian thesis occupies the greater part and also, regrettably, the weaker.

to rehearse the argument: more than half of the century had gone by and Medievalism still survived in Oxford. The only scientific system was Aristotle's. The true Baconian method was at length realized by select Oxford few, who acted upon it, and who eventually got real science under way, by founding the Royal

The main issues may be stated with deceptive ease. More than one group of men met informally in London in or around 1645. Some of these men migrated to Oxford in about 1648. One of them, John Wilkins, Warden of Wadham, made arrangements for further meetings. There was a return to London in 1658-59, and royal patronage soon followed. This second London society often met in Gresham College. This is substantially the Society's own view of its origins, and was first publicly presented by a Fellow, Thomas Birch, in 1756. In 1667, however, Thomas Spratt, a Fellow of Wadham and protégé of Wilkins, had already written a history of the origins of the Society without alluding to the earliest London meetings. These were widely known after they were mentioned by John Wallis, the Oxford mathematician, who was twenty years Spratt's senior, and who claimed that he had attended the meetings.

The explanations commonly offered for Spratt's reticence have been various, ranging from plain ignorance to his desire to gloss over the Puritan past of his patron Wilkins. Against this it has been said that Wallis's testimony was unreliable, and always recognized as such. Miss Purver holds that Wallis himself later abandoned his claim, and the gives evidence that Spratt was supervised by many Fellows of the Society, and not by Wilkins alone. But the main force of Miss Purver's argument lies in the evidence she offers suggesting that the outlook of the early London groups differed radically from that of the Oxford group, and the later Royal Society. She sees the first as ostensibly Baconian, but in reality divided between pragmatic artisans and Puritan visionaries. Only the Oxford group and the Royal Society are said to have experienced the authentic Baconian vision. This vision is characterized as involving a unifying New Philosophy, building in the human understanding a picture of the world which is of intellectual value as well as of use in improving human welfare. It also involves advocacy of reli-

ious freedom which later, for example, called for defiance of the Clarendon Code. This is an ingenious way of presenting the case, for the first sight it is rather as though a man were to strike off his family tree all ancestors whose tastes and standards failed to comply with his own. When challenged, he would be perfectly within his rights to reply that he chose to define "ancestor" in his rather special way. The rejoinder to Miss Purver, by analogy, will hinge in part on her Baconian definition of Royal Society ancestry. Those who are not committed to taking sides will rightly ask whether the historical categories brought into the controversy are not unduly exclusive. Is it that a flourishing Royal Society must be provided with a well-defined ancestry in order to worship it in concrete terms, hold centenary meetings, and so forth? Would the historical conflict be so bitter if there were not still influen-

THE
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Letters to the Editor (continued)

MORE COPYRIGHT

Sir—Mr. Owen complains of British book-sellers' lack of enterprise, but surely book-sellers who import foreign editions of books for which a British publisher holds the copyright are showing an excess of enterprise, rather than the lack of it? Of course the attitude of the book-seller Mr. Owen mentions is defensible, but we would like to point out that the fault lies in this matter sometimes lies with the publisher.

As book-sellers who specialise in the Social Sciences and what we hope possess a decent measure of enterprise, our policy is that we never knowingly order a foreign edition of a book in the English language, in cloth-bound or paperback form, when it exists in a British edition. If we unwittingly do so, and when dealing with thousands of titles a mistake is inevitable, then we expect to get from the foreign publisher the answer "No British Rights". If we receive the book instead of that answer then the fault must lie in the lack of liaison between the foreign and British publisher.

It is galling for us, and our customers, to know that a paperback edition of an important academic book cannot be imported for copyright reasons. The situation becomes intolerable when the British publisher can only provide an out-dated edition or has allowed the book to go out of print altogether. In cases of the latter we make an approach to the publisher and on several occasions we have obtained permission to import American editions of out-of-print books. Would Mr. Owen call this lack of enterprise?

ANTHONY COMERFORD,
MARK BONE,
Assistant Managers, The Economist's Bookshop,
Clare Market, Portland Street, W.C.2.

Sir—Mr. Owen really cannot have it both ways. He rightly complains of the general lack of enterprise among English book-sellers. We agree. He cannot also complain of those book-sellers who use initiative to counter something he does not mention—the treatment they receive from Britain's most inefficient industry, publishing. Of course there are a few exceptions, but not enough to invalidate such a sweeping generalization.

We are still waiting for a copy of a learned book on music ordered by a customer three years ago on the strength of its inclusion (without any qualifying words, such as "forthcoming") in the music list of a reputable publisher. Frankly we would import a copy from any country where it was available.

The first loyalty of a bookseller is undoubtedly to his customer. If publishers were efficient, none of these problems would arise. One of our leading national newspapers fulminates regularly about the failure of exporting

manufacturers to meet delivery dates: the publishing house in the same group is one of the most unreliable on publication dates and order handling. It is now installing a computer to slow things down still more!

Let publishers put their own houses in order and operate an efficient industry—they will not then have to worry about sniping or importing by book-sellers. We regularly order books from a publisher in Holland: his time to service an order and get the books into our hands is less than that of any British publisher with whom we deal. We have been established for four years to deal only in books on music. Despite repeated applications to many publishers we cannot get reliable or regular information on their music books. We are delighted by other publishers with details of books on gardening. These facts testify to the true malaise of the British book scene.

JOHN MAY,
Partner, May and May,
5 Holman Road, London, S.W.15

PLANTER'S CRUNCH

Sir—I regret to have to point out that the reviewer of *The Source of the River Kwai* (June 8) is very much misinformed about the location of that river, and also about the author's previous book, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

The River "Kwai", more correctly called the Hwei Noi or little stream, is not a tributary of Thailand's "central river" at all, but is the lesser of two rivers which together form the Mae Nam traversing the extreme west of that country. The bridge to which the reviewer refers in his article is not even on the "Kwai" at all, but spans the other stream, the Hwei Yai. The name "Kwai", which should be pronounced to rhyme with "way" and is a shortened form of Hwei Noi, was first given to the little stream by the Allied prisoners of war who built the Burma-Shan Railway along its course in 1942-43.

The story related in M. Boule's earlier work may indeed be regarded as non-fiction in Bangkok, which however cannot be considered as an accurate source of information about this particular episode of history. References which are made in that city to the river and the bridge are likely to be intended for the beguilement and exploitation of the tourist. So far as I can ascertain, the elevation of the myth of the story recounted in the book and the film to the status of fact first appeared in print in the reports of the visit of Princess Alexandra to Kanchanaburi in 1959.

J. C. SHARP,
64 Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston,
Birmingham.

MUCH BINDING

Sir—Surely Margaret Morel (June 29) as a librarian cannot be unaware that the disadvantages of the paperback in general are precisely those faults she complains of as appearing in her copy of the Penguin edition of Julian of Norwich's *Revelations*, namely speedy disintegration due to gluing single leaves together, narrow margins, and also paper of an extremely inferior quality.

If she is not, then she should know that we are able to purchase for a few shillings what otherwise might cost us many pounds on the understanding that we get something cheaper in value. This may sound frivolous, but it is a basic fact that must be grasped by all the readers who bemoan the loss of a new paperback after a couple of weeks of use.

She should not think either that in England purchasers of paperbacks are

any better off than in Seychelles. My copy of André Gide's *Journal* published by Penguin in May has already begun to shed its covers. It cost 15s. I have read almost all of it. The hardback edition, running into six volumes or so, costs about 12s. Can I complain?

As for the problem of paperbacks in libraries in the Tropics, surely paperbacks never were or are intended for libraries anywhere. Since one of the essential services of a library is the preservation of literature it must have sturdy editions. This seems so generally accepted that to hear of a librarian admitting so fragile and ephemeral a thing as a paperback—and an edition of a well-known classic at that—is genuinely surprising.

ANDREW M. J. PRICHODSKY,
118 Berkeley Flats, Harrowby Street,
London, W.1.

KOKOSCHKA

Sir—In your issue of June 22 is a criticism of a book about Oskar Kokoschka by Mr. J. P. Hodin. In it, Mr. Hodin gives his own interpretation of a painting called "The Crab" and makes a most elaborate personal interpretation of the meaning of the picture.

As it happens I have owned the "Crab" from very soon after it was painted and the interpretation of Kokoschka at the time, which I mention in my autobiography, is quite different.

exists between the foreground and the horizon.

EDWARD BEDDINGTON,
BEHRENS,
Chesham House, Chesham Place,
London, S.W.1.

COLLECTING MSS

Sir—It has been suggested by a number of people in the literary world that an organization should be formed to promote interest in the collecting of manuscripts and to foster a better understanding of each other's problems between dealers, librarians, archivists and collectors. Membership is to be open to the above, and anyone interested in manuscripts, old and new.

The society, which will be non-profit making, international, will be a quarterly meetings and at least one exhibition annually, where there will be manuscripts for sale as well as special exhibits mounted by members.

Any person interested in attending the inaugural meeting (when a name will be decided upon) should write to the undersigned.

PETER EATON,
80 Holm Park Avenue, London, W.11.

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